

3
A PARLIAMENT PUBLICATION

HEELS AND HOSE

VOLUME 6 NUMBER 3

ADULT ONLY
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SEX STORIES OF OLD
•
ALL A WOMAN CAN GIVE
•
UNIVERSAL NUDITY
AND THE RUDE PRUDES



ADULTS ONLY

Heels & Hose

VOLUME 6

NUMBER 3

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Hilda is a chiropractor's assistant and knows the value of manipulating the spine for improving the nerves' functions.

TRYING



THE DOCTOR'S PATIENT





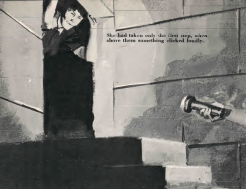
"Any time I want to do the 'Twist,'" she says, half joking, "I visit a good chiropractor and let him work me over." Hilda is studying the science and hopes to be a chiropractor herself one day. When that day comes, there is little doubt she will have all the patients she wants.





What suffering male would
not love to have his neck
cracked by such a hip doll?





She had taken only the first step, when above them something clicked loudly.

By Dean Dexter

HAUNTED LOVE

AFFAIR

Her Creole blood burned with passion that Andre had to quench before she'd tell him where the money was.

"Well, here we are," said Andre LaGasse, as he turned off the ignition key. "The happy home of my boyhood. Where I was raised. You'll hate it."

"This?" At his side Denise stared at the sagging columns, the broken windows of the grand old mansion, half hidden among live oaks festooned with Spanish moss like old men's beards. Somewhere in the Louisiana swamps that stretched away on all sides of them, a dove laughed

piercingly, and she shivered. "Andre, no! You're joking!"

"I never joke about dough," Andre LaGasse said. "I told you when we left San Francisco I was heading home to collect my inheritance. And here we are."

He tossed two bags to the ground and climbed out. Denise followed.

"But there's no money here!" she exclaimed. "There can't be!"

"There better be," Andre snapped. "That file of New Orleans papers is



the library said my brother Lewis died six months ago, leaving fifty thousand books to his Aunt Belle, only surviving relative. Except that I'm still alive, too—and a brother has a closer claim than an aunt. Now, come on, I'm tired and I'm hungry."

He carried the bags up on the second porch. The late twilight was fading fast. Inside the house it was dark. Through one long window they saw the gleam of a kerosene lamp.

On opposite sides of it two women sat. One was a white-haired old colored woman, with a beavil wrinkled face, who sat rocking gently as she turned to the other woman and read aloud from the Bible. The other woman was of jadeite malleable age. Her hair was a black helmet, crossing her forehead in bangs and falling in straight lines on each side of her face. Her skin looked tanned, a heritage of Creole blood, if you believed her story that she was a

descendant of a Creole princess. Her features were too sharp and bold to qualify her as a beauty, but the hint of maleness ended just below her shoulders in a spectacularly curved body. She wore no make-up, no jewelry, and no other adornment except a quaintly old-maidenly wide band of black velvet around her neck. She gave an impression of striking simplicity, of sublime serenity, of high electric physical potential quietly at rest.

"That's Aunt Belle," Andre said. "She must be over fifty. And Granny Teal, who's closer to eighty. This is going to be a shock for both of them. They think I'm dead."

He shoved open the door with his foot and strode inside, down the dark coolness of a dark hall and into the musty parlor where the two women sat, surrounded by warped and moldy furniture. Belle LaGasse turned as they entered, and Granny Teal looked up, startled. Belle calmly marked her place in the Bible with her finger and looked at them.

"Who are you? What do you want at Pirate's Haven?"

"I'm Andre, your loving nephew, Aunt Belle," Andre purred, "Andre, come back to visit you."

"Andre's dead," the woman said without change of expression. "He was killed in a holdup in San Francisco five years ago. Louis saw the item in the paper."

"That's just wishful thinking, Aunt Belle," Andre replied. "You can see I'm not dead. This is Denise, my girl friend."

"Humph!" Belle LaGasse transferred her gaze to Denise. "Birds of a feather, I see."

"Now, listen here . . ." Denise began, but stopped at Andre's gesture.

"A pretty creature, even if she is

no better than she should be," Belle LaGasse added, nodding. "Red hair and green eyes. A witch girl. Too bad she's dead, too."

"What do you mean, I'm dead!" Denise flared. "Andre, she's crazy! You didn't tell me you were bringing me to a tumbledown dump in the middle of a swamp to visit a loony relative!"

"That's enough nonsense," Andre said. "We're both very much alive, as you can see."

"Then, if you're alive," cried Belle in triumph, "why have you come here? Your father told you you could never come back to Pirate's Haven, except to be buried. Have you come back to be buried, Andre?"

"I've come back to collect my inheritance. Louis died in New Orleans six months ago. I'm the last of the LaGasse men, and anything that's left is mine now."

Belle LaGasse slowly put away her Bible. Beyond her, Granny Teal crouched like a small animal in her rocker, staring at them with beady eyes. "So you know Louis is dead?" Belle LaGasse said. "Yes, of course. After he died you'd have met him, I suppose."

"I said to stop that crap!" Andre's voice was ugly. "We're tired and we're hungry. We're going upstairs and wash; then we want some food. See that Granny Teal brings us something to eat. Serve it in the old drawing room. Come on, Denise, bring one of the lamps!"

He picked up the bags and strode toward the hall. Denise watched up the nearest kerosene lamp and hurried after him. Behind them he heard Belle LaGasse saying: "Fix them something to eat, Granny. If they want to pretend they're alive,

we don't mind. But we know better, don't we? I wonder how the girl died?"

Granny Tool served them an omelet, salad and hot biscuits in a big room upstairs with long French windows.

Hot food restored Andre's good humor and even settled Denise's nerves a little, but not enough. She jumped whenever the loon in the swamp outside laughed its maniacal laughter, or a hoot owl answered with its raucous cry.

"Andre, we can't stay here," she said. "I've got the willies. You know how I hate places like this. I want to go where it's sunny and warm."

"Just one night, baby," Andre said. "By tomorrow we'll have the dough and we'll go south."

"We can't get away from here too soon to suit me," Denise said, and shivered. "But there isn't any money here. There can't be."

"There's money here!" the tall, lean man snapped, spooning sugar into his coffee. "There's got to be. I've never told you about the LaCausas, have I? My great-grandfather was a pirate with the LaFittes. When the LaFittes broke up, old Pierre LaCausse moved here into the heart of the swamps and built Pirate's Haven. He had a million dollars in gold, and some of it's bound to be here. The family's never trusted banks. And I told you that article said Louis left fifty thousand to Aunt Belle."

"But it's hers, not yours," Denise said. "And she hates you, Andre. She'll never let you have it."

"She won't have any choice!" The lean, wolfish face darkened. "As for hating me, Aunt Belle and I became mortal enemies on my fifteenth birthday—the day grandfather was buried, because when she tried to comfort me, I slipped

my hand under her dress and tried to grab a foot. That was Grandfather Rene, the one who, we later discovered, turned over in his coffin after he was buried."

"Andre?"

The man chuckled. "Don't be upset, baby. The LaCausse history is full of stuff like that. For instance, my father was buried with a telephone in his coffin. I'm not kidding. A real, live telephone, all connected up and ready to work, in case he felt like turning over, or getting out. It was in his will. Come here to the window."

He pulled back the tattered curtains at the French windows. Behind the house the grove of live oaks continued down to the edge of a bayou. In the midst of them stood a small structure of marble. As they watched, a door facing them opened and the figure of a woman, only a blur in the twilight, emerged and came up the path to the house. Andre noted to himself that when he was young, the specious hint of severity in his Aunt Belle's hollow-checked face had tended to put the men off; now there was a richening plumpness, as if an outward and visible sign of heightened vitality had dimpled her features and framed her eyes in a sort of voluptuous stare.

"Your Aunt Belle?" Denise exclaimed. "What's she doing?"

"She's been in the burial vault."

"Burial vault?" asked Denise.

"Down here in the swamp country you don't get buried underground. Every family has its vault like that one. That's where all the LaCausas are now. Plenty of space left, too. It's a two-layer affair with a waterproof section below ground. Great-grandfather put that in for a hideout in case the law came looking for him." (continued on page 42)

PAM'S PAJAMA GAME

When boyfriends ask Pam what she
would like for a gift, she will
often ask for pajamas—theirs.







Her friends are only too happy to oblige, some of them even volunteering to deliver them in person, while wearing them. "There is nothing sexy about my attraction for men's pajamas," Pam warns.



By George Bates

UNIVERSAL NUDITY and the rude prudes

To moral reactionaries nudity leads to sex, and sex is dirty.

There was a news story out of West Berlin last December about John Huston, in which it said he was forsaking his usual directorial post to play a licentious uncle in a juicy little film epic called *The Marquis de Sade*. In itself, the making of a movie about the unregenerate eighteenth-century French nobleman, whose life and writings have left his name a symbol of sexual cruelty, is hardly sensational.

Not these days anyway, although it would have raised censorial hackles a few years ago.

More intriguing by current standards was Huston's, "Sure, there are nudes in the movie, but this is not a sex film any more than *Pride of the Yankees*, about Lou Gehrig, was a baseball film."

Only a week earlier, fine Irish actor Richard Harris told syndicated columnist Joyce Haber that he was not permitting general release of any nude shots of his manly physique for exploitation purposes.

Said Harris, "I'm not doing them for sex. I'm stripped to the buff through a third of the picture because it's basic to the story."

By way of detailing the sort of use to which he did not want stills of his screen nakedness to be put, Harris cited a full-length nude shot of Oscar-winning Rod Taylor for *The Illustrated Man* illustrating a com-



Nude background enhances *Barbarella*.

photo page of *Warners-7 Arts' 1968 annual report*.

These two stories, between them, raise at least a pair of interesting queries as to the current condition of the nude in films.

The lesser of these, brought up by the Harris interview, suggests that shrewd show-business entrepreneurs are beginning to mine gold from masculine nudity, formerly held to be virtually a tabu exploitation theme on the grounds that most women were repelled by the sight of the naked male.

The other query, more general in its implications, hints at the approach of the nude millennium so long and ardently dreamed of by so many millions of nude-hungry males.

When a leading performer in a film, whose very title is bound to convey sexual overtones to most people, wants to push the show's nude sequences into the background, strange things are happening, to paraphrase comedian Red Buttons.

Until very recently . . . in fact, until just now . . . the undraped display of even a startlet's lubricious enticements was an automatic signal for the film's tub thumpers to get out their most resonant tube and begin flailing away in a storm of libido-rousing stiffs of the aforementioned enticements, and an even more rousing hurricane of libido-rousing words.

Nude sequences were inserted in films to bolster flapping screenplays, often without tangible relation to the plot or character development, and then drummed in the seldom vain hope that some censor, somewhere, would be stirred to repressive action.

This, in turn, would be given



The Illustrated Man—Red Striger.



Bare backside rider in a recent film.

Claudia Cardinale doing her thing.



even more publicity in areas where the censors were wise enough to desist, thus making prospective ticket-buyers feel that they were about to see something truly and sensationally naughty.

A typical sample of this sort of exploitation is the naked sex scene involving lovely, sepia-tinted Barbara McNair in the otherwise uninteresting *If He Hollers, Let Him Go*, which displays the beautifully constructed singing-actress in a simulation of the sex act itself.

As always, it seems to have worked at the box office. But it is worthy of note that even here mere nudity per se is no longer held to be enough to do the job.

Today, it has to be nudity in action.

Now, in the *Sade* film, we discover an attempt by the filmmakers to soft-pedal the naked sequences in favor of what they feel is a powerful story, competent to stand up under its own merits.

This is probably the first time since the late Cecil B. DeMille buried Claudette Colbert under a small ocean of ass's milk in an ornate bathtub that the nude (or near-nude), wherever it occurs, has not demanded, and received, the exploitation spotlight.

Does this imply that interest in seeing the nude on screen is waning? Hardly, since the nude is there, and in action, as it is increasingly in many of the year's new films.

Rather, its implication is that public demand for nudity is being satisfied for the first time in cinema history, so much so that other elements of popular interest in a strong movie can take their place, proper or improper, in the exploitation baiting order.

The influx of the nude male (or

beefcake, as it used to be called in opposition to cheesecake) is not exactly news, either. From the terrific Tarzan-isms of Johnny Weissmuller and Buster Crabbe, right down to the tight pants of matadors and flamenco dancers, the male form divine has intrigued millions of women.

But stark staring naked . . . well, that is new, and indicative of the trend among young women everywhere to shed their maidenly modesty.

Girls and women today are increasingly conditioned to the sight of men near to naked on our beaches and around the house. They no longer faint at sight of masculine genitalia, but tend to accept same as an element in the business of living.

So why not on stage (as in many recent productions), or on the screen in *A Man Called Horse*, with Richard Harris the nude viewed?

To judge by the boom market in beefcake, this would appear to be the answer . . . why not?



Though she is covered with spots, Anita Pallenberg is, nevertheless, naked.

Then why not state that the nude millennium is here and let it go at that.

Unfortunately, it simply is not so. Modern western society seems to be approaching complete acceptance of nakedness, on stage and off, but it is doing so rather as scientists approach absolute zero . . . no matter how close they get, there is always a little margin left.

There are reasons, of course . . . more or less good ones as reasons go.

In the first place, most so-called civilized people have been spending their lives in clothes ever since the fall of the Roman Empire.

One cause was mere practicality . . . the fact that the great majority lived in chilly climes and were, for some 1,500 years, totally bereft of central heating of any sort.

The other chief cause was theological . . . religious, if you will. The most attractive feature of the pagan beliefs which Christianity had to

supersede to ensure its own continuance was their easy attitude toward sex, an attitude lightness and sparseness of clothing did much to help implement in action.

These sects, generally, worshipped the body as more or less divine, so Christianity diverted adoration to the immortal soul. To effect this diversion, it was essential that the body be covered, and its exposure regarded as somehow immoral and therefore sinful.

Despite all modern enlightenment in this regard, there is no question that most Christians consider the body sinful *than* those Christians who do not.

A mere two to three decades ago, Hollywood shook to its foundations when volatile, highly sexed Mexican beauty, Lupe Valez, without a stitch on, received a male interviewer in her Laurel Canyon home.

Similar shockwaves radiated from New York City's swank Hotel Elysée when another interviewer printed the fact that resident siren Tallulah Bankhead's customary attire, when at home, consisted of a brief pull-over and nothing else!

After 1,500 years, people had to get used to the idea that nudity and salacity did not necessarily walk hand in hand.

Remember all those years of free publicity Bette, buxom Carroll Baker drew when she engaged in a number of nude sequences in an effort to bolster a trio of otherwise flat movies?

That was only about a half dozen years back.

Toplessness, despite all the hoopla with which it was launched, never did catch on save as an extra, added attraction in third to fifth-rate restaurants and saloons. It was a little bit more than most Americans were

(continued on page 36)

21



Yet another semi-nude from the motion picture *Barbarella*, is Cynthia Blair.



CATCHER in the WRY

Andell has a wry sense of humor. Nothing delights her more than to be able to find someone who can match wits with her. In most of her encounters, she has to be satisfied with a person who at least appreciates her humor, even if he can't match it.







Take, for example, the time she was relating the story of a gal who had been sent to prison. When her boyfriend visited her, as the story goes, she told him that she had been sentenced to life, without any hope of parole. The boyfriend took her hand in his, declaring his undying love for her. "I'll wait for you," he said. Ardell's listener laughed heartily. "But I don't think he got the joke," she says in disgust.







ALL A WOMAN CAN GIVE

By Maurie Goodman

Laurie had married Cavendish as a second choice. But he became an enraged killer when he discovered he was also playing second fiddle to John Taylor, her first choice.

John Taylor had enlisted in the Army of the Confederacy because he was a southerner. He had fought with skill and courage because cowardice and dishonor were as repugnant to him as the death-stench air he had to breathe for three long years. He followed his idol, General John B. Hood, across the Chattahoochee River as they struck at Sherman's communications. Here, he took a rifle ball just above his elbow.

General Hood personally in-



Hitting the floor, he shot his leg straight up and back, hurling Cornwallis back over his head.

structed his field physician to save his young officer's life. John's limb was shattered. He had lost much blood. His mind was numbed by shock. He was taken inside a sweltering tent. There was a hurried operation with poor instruments and sweating hands. And, in the cold, gray dawn of the day that followed . . . he awoke with pain and with but one arm!

Within a few months, the war had ended. General Lee proudly surrendered at Appomattox. John

Taylor was sent to a Union hospital. There, Union doctors tried vainly to fit him with an artificial arm. But wooden limbs were not an easy thing to strap to mangled bodies. In John's case, it was impossible. His arm had been amputated above the elbow. The wooden limb couldn't bend without a joint to guide it. Again and again, the doctors tried . . . only to see their handiwork hang from John's shoulder like series of dead legs. In the end, John told them he had

had enough. He wanted to go home. And to hell with the wooden arm.

He was still wearing his gray when he rode into Nacogdoches. His repeating rifle was tucked into its saddle scabbard. His sheathed saber was hanging over his saddle horn. A Colt Dragon pistol was flap-holstered on his hip.

It had been a long ride. Dust and mud speckled his worn uniform. But, here, the earth was black and rich. Not at all like the wind-tossed sand of the Panhandle. Here, blue-bonnets blossomed along the grassy trail. The sweet smells of hyacinth and honeysuckle mellowed lingered to please his nostrils.

"I'm home," he said, patting the flank of his weary sorrel. "I'm finally home."

Nacogdoches hadn't changed much during his absence. The sights and smells were as he remembered them. No buildings had been ravaged by shellfire, for the war hadn't reached the small town.

A few people on the boardwalk recognized John. They stopped to smile and wave. When he reached the livery stable, he tethered his sorrel to a hitching rail. A young boy ran from the dark interior of the barn out into the sunlight. "Kin I he'p you, mister?" he asked, his wide grin bunching his freckles into a cluster at each corner of his dimpled cheeks.

Johnny slapped some of the dust and dirt from his gray. Then he patted the horse's flank. "Feed and brush and water him good," he answered. "This here horse has been a good and faithful friend. I'll be back in a little while to pick him up."

He flipped a dime to the boy, who thanked him with another grin,

then led the sorrel into the shade of the barn. John crossed the dirt street and walked into a small office.

Jake Weldon, a lawyer and John's oldest friend, was sitting with his back to the door. "Welcome," he said, spinning in his chair to see who had entered. Then, recognizing John, he jumped to his feet. "John! John Taylor!" he exclaimed, breaking into a wide grin. "When did you get into town?"

They shook hands. "Just now," John replied. "I wanted to stop by and see you before I go out to my spread. Tell me, what's new?"

Jake poured them both a stiff drink of sour mash. When they were seated, he began. "Well, let's see, where should we begin? Your place has been well tended to ever since your Ma died. Course, you know 'bout that. I've seen to it that what little profit your spread made each year has been properly deposited. You've got about two hundred head of cattle now, I think. . . ."

"Hold it, old friend," John interrupted. "You know what I was asking about. How is Laurie?"

Jake paused for a moment. Before he answered, John knew something had happened. "She . . . uh . . . she got married, John," Jake finally said, looking away from his friend's eyes. "We all gave up on you when you didn't come back after the war. It's been almost a year. We thought you were dead."

"Who . . . who did she marry?" John's voice was very low. He had thought something like this might happen. He had corresponded with Laurie right up till the time he'd lost his arm. Then, wondering whether or not he'd be man enough to care for her with only the use of

one arm, he'd stopped writing after awhile. But she had always been a part of his thoughts. He had loved her for as long as he'd been a man. "Who did she marry, old friend?" he asked again.

"A man named Ed Cavendish. They had a big wedding less than four months ago."

"Cavendish? Is that the same name I saw on the bank and the hotel as I rode in?"

"The same. He also owns the biggest general store and the biggest saloon in Nacogdoches. Came down here right after the war. From up North. Damned carpathagger he was. But he had money and the blessings of the Union Gov'mint as an administrator of sorts. Parlayed the two into quite a pile. He damn near owns the town."

"He owns Laurie, too," John said, bitterness choking the words as they coursed his throat.

John's ranch was pocketed in the black earth between Nacogdoches and the Angelina River. The share-cropper who had been working the place while he was gone bade him welcome as he rode up. Over a hot meal, prepared by the 'cropper's portly wife, the two men discussed future plans. It was agreed that the man and his woman would still stay on and tend to things. John would run the ranch, though that was the last thing he wanted to do now.

A half moon cast a silvered reflection over the peaceful land as the lights went out around John's ranch. He was left sitting alone on his porch. He sat for several hours, his thoughts reminiscing about the war, his beloved General Hood, the pain in his wound, and the hours and days and months he'd spent patiently letting the sympathetic

Union doctors try to fit him with an arm. But always his thoughts came back to Laurie.

Laurie, his childhood sweetheart. The girl he'd left behind, crying her eyes out because they had never been separated before. The girl with flaxen hair and laughing blue eyes. And dimples. And complexion as smooth and the color of fresh cream. Laurie, whose figure had been turning men's heads since before she'd reached her fifteenth birthday.

With a sigh, John rose from the stoop. He had turned toward the inside of the small ranch house when he heard the horse's hooves. Curiously, he pulled his watch from his pants pocket. It was almost nine o'clock. Late for this part of the country, and the hard-working folks who were used to getting up at the rooster's crow.

Not until the rider had reached the edge of the small patch of grass that served as a front lawn for John's spread did John recognize who it was: Laurie! Harriedly, she dismounted. And, without pausing to hitch her horse, she ran into John's embrace. "Johnny," she murmured, her voice soft and husky, her breath as sweet as was the smell of her hair. "Johnny, darling!"

John returned her kiss. Then, gently but firmly, he held her at arm's length. "You're a married woman, Laurie," he said, coughing to clear his throat. "And I've been too long without a woman. So, in that this can only be a social call, you'd best be staying at least this far away from me."

"I thought you were dead," she answered, tears running her big eyes. "Everybody did."

(continued on page 63)

DICTATION FOR A PRIVATE SECRETARY

Melba fits the prototype of the secretary who is not only efficient, but adds sex to her job. "I have worked for many men," Melba explains.







"And everyone I have worked for has told me that I made his job more enjoyable." She has had many bosses. The reason she has not remained with them is that in every instance the man's wife became very jealous of her.





In order to avoid serious complications, Melba would leave. "I'm quite happy with my present boss," she admits. "And I think I will enjoy a long association with him, because he's not married."





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UNIVERSAL NUDITY AND THE RUDE PRUDS

(continued from page 21)

ready to accept in the course of their daily lives.

As for the current see-through styles, they are still very much on trial. Going for them is the fact that the breasts and torso are not actually fully exposed and are yet wholly visible from without.

Against their general acceptance is the fact that, to wear them successfully, a girl must be blessed with a near-perfect figure, along the svelte lines of Monique van Vooren, who introduced the topless blouse last March at a Broadway opening night.

If a girl has too little upstairs, or even too much, she is out of luck where see-throughs are concerned, for their use forbids the wearing of a bra or any other engineering support.

Thus, it would appear that this exciting transparent style will have, at most, a limited appeal. After all, apart from models, screen actresses and professional beauties of other sorts, how many girls are either willing or able to have their breasts enlarged or trimmed merely to keep their torsos in line with the current mode?

When the millennium arrives, if it finally does, vanity will keep a large proportion of members of both sexes at least partially clad. Nor are those handicapped by faulty natural construction going to be readily generous toward those on whom heredity has showered beauty of body.

In a nation so determined upon equality that brilliant youngsters are frequently held back in school lest they cause inferiority complexes in their less talented classmates, a lot of people seem to feel that, because physical attraction is not doled in

equal and level spoonfuls, it is somehow undemocratic.

Beauty will not be recalcitrant about exposing itself; it never has been and never will be. Look for the last lingering opposition to come from the physically flawed, those whom universal nudity might put at a disadvantage.

Then, too, the old alliance in people's minds between nudity and sexuality is still very much with us. It should be remembered that museums in many of our cities must obey laws, or rigid customs, demanding that the genitals of all undraped statues be masked with figleaves.

The idea persists that human beings don't remove their clothing in mixed company save with sex in mind, and those who are thus oriented are not going to change their deep-seated attitudes easily.

To such folk, the current thought trends which ally normal sexual activity with good health might as well be written on the Sanscrits of time; it will never be wholly legible.

No matter how many sermons write and lecture to the effect that a healthy body cannot be harmed by reasonable indulgence in any normal function, including sex, to these moral reactionaries sex is dirty and nudity leads directly to sex. Hence, nudity is dirty, too.

For some years now, the wave of the present has been against them, but they remain stubbornly unconvinced.

All in all, the situation, where the nude millennium is concerned, is much like the cigarette commercial that goes, "You've come a long way, baby. . . ."

Unlike the commercial, however, the nudity situation still requires the rest of the line, which runs, "... but, baby, you've got a long way to go."



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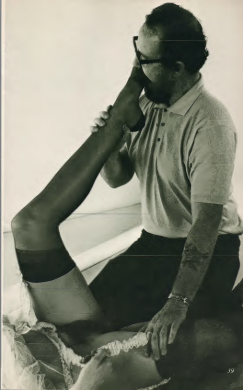
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DRESSED TO THRILL

Having a passion for clothes, it is little wonder that Elsa spends every cent she earns to put on her back. But she tires very quickly of her dresses.







The moment a dress bores her, no matter where she may be, Elsa invariably removes it on the spot.





Distantly, lightning flickered, sharply etching the live oaks below. A grumble of thunder followed it seconds later.

"Storm coming," Andre said, leading the way back to the table. "And the Mississippi's rising, according to that report we heard on the car radio this afternoon. Whenever that happens, this region is under water, except for the knoll this house is on. Hope we don't get stuck and have to stay here until the water goes down."

"Andre, no! I couldn't stay here longer than till tomorrow. I couldn't!"

"Take it easy, baby. You don't have to . . . but I was telling you about Aunt Belle. When we buried Grandfather Rene down there in the vault, Aunt Belle was the last one inside. I kind of accidentally closed the door and locked it. I was mad because she slapped me hard when I made that pass at her, even if I only was a kid. There were a lot of relatives here and nobody thought to look for her until the next morning. And during the night she heard grandfather call out for help. She answered him and he begged her to let him out of his coffin. But she wouldn't. You see, she knew he was dead. Ever since then she's been positive she can talk to the dead."

"Darny!" Denise's face was white, her lips pale. "You . . . you. . ."

"It was just a joke," Andre LaGasse smiled thinly. "That isn't the whole story, though. At first nobody believed Belle's story about talking to grandfather. Then father got curious and investigated. That was when we found the body turned over in the coffin, and the fingernails ripped off from clawing at the lid."

"Andre, stop it! I'm going to be sick. You know I hate ghost stories

and . . . everything like that!"

"All right, baby, but it's true, every word of it. I want to talk to Aunt Belle. Why don't you lie down and take a nap?"

He kissed her dry mouth and slid his hands over her back and buttocks and he could feel her body trembling. Then he led her into a bedroom, took off her dress and shoes, tucked her under the covers, and said: "The safe used to be behind father's picture. I'm going to see if it's still there before I talk to Belle."

In the room where they had eaten, he lifted down the portrait of a stout, red-faced man with bulging eyes. Behind it was the metal face of a small safe. Andre spun the combination and chuckled when the door swung open. "Still the same combination," he said. "Well, let's see what we have."

He took out the inner cash box and put it on a table and forced open the lid. Inside was only a folded sheet of paper. Andre snatched it up and was reading it when the old floor creaked behind him. He spun around. Belle LaGasse stood in the doorway, watching.

"What are you doing, Andre?" she demanded. "Why have you opened your father's safe?"

"Just curiosity, Aunt Belle," Andre said silkily. "And I've found a very interesting document. It seems to be a duplicate of a receipt showing that Weyburn and Company in New Orleans paid you fifty thousand dollars in cash just six months ago in settlement of the estate after Louis' death."

"Indeed, Andre? And what of it?"

"That's my money. I want it. Where is it?"

"It's safe, Andre," the woman smiled. "It's safe. If you're so clever, why don't you find it?"

"I intend to. And another thing, what were you doing down in the burial vault just now?"

"I was talking to your brother Louis. He's lonely there in his cold coffin and our little talks cheer him up. The dead don't leave right away, you know. So I talk to them until they do. Like I talked to your father. And to your grandfather, Andre."

He looked at her. There was something annoyingly attractive and sexual about her. The evil accessibility, the aura of sex. He felt a stirring in his loins that he could not wholly will away, and she looked at him and knew it.

Then she moved to him, like a cat, and he pulled her down on a couch. Her breasts pressed against his chest. Her mouth opened slowly, just touching his lips . . . then away . . . then back again. Quick, staccato flickerings of her tongue brushed against his teeth. He opened his mouth wider. He felt her bury her tongue in his mouth, then he did not think. He moved. He stripped off her dress and her underclothes. Her body was mature and ripe. It had aged well.

"Instead of the money, there is something I can give you, Andre."

I love you, he thought, but he couldn't make the thought stick.

"I want you *and* the money?" he said slowly. She shook her head, then he slapped her hard across the face. Her eyes widened but she didn't make a sound. Then he stood up and removed his clothing and she watched him, her eyes examining his body, saying silently that they had seen all of the male bodies in the world, and that, now, they wanted this one.

"The money?" he questioned her. She shook her head and he slapped

her again, hard. She nodded dumbly. Then she surged into his arms and he kissed her hard. She answered the kiss with excitement, her body pressed against his, her mouth parted. There was carnality in the way they kissed. Then he went about it very slowly, challenging his skill to make her forget the reason he was lying wrapped in intimacy with her. Slowly, he softened her, mollified her, doing everything, until the tension of her defeat was gone, until her body went limp and her breath came deep and regularly, then shaky and broken, until she whimpered and then moaned and then cried out, pleading with him to feed this hunger he had made her feel, and then, when she was rigid, spastic, arched, he went into her, bringing her to the pinnacle again and again and then down to exhaustion, back to limpness.

When they were dressed again, he said: "Where is the money, Aunt Belle?"

"What do you want money for, Andre? You're dead, and the dead don't need money."

"All right, Aunt Belle, you're bringing it on yourself. Now I'm going to tie you to a chair and show you the persuasive powers of a lighted cigarette."

"It's not necessary to threaten me, Andre. I'll tell you where the money is. I asked Louis, and he said it's all right for you to know."

"Then where is it?"

"In the burial vault, where no thief would ever look for it. Down in the lower vault, where the masters of Piran's Haven are buried. Where your grandfather is, your father and your brother. Where there's still an empty coffin, for you, Andre. That's where I put the money, in your coffin."

Andre LaGosse threw back his
(continued on page 50) 43

STAIRWAY TO THE STARES

DALE'S MOTHER IS A FORMER ZIEGFELD GIRL,
SO IT IS NO WONDER THAT SHE IS
FASCINATED BY STAIRS, HOWEVER SHORT.







HER MOTHER CLIMBED
AND DESCENDED SO
MANY STAIRS IN THE
COURSE OF HER CAREER
IN THE FOLLIES, THAT
SHE SWORE NEVER TO
HAVE A HOME THAT WAS
HIGHER THAN ONE
STORY. IT WAS NOT
UNTIL SHE WAS SEVEN
THAT DALE SAW HER
FIRST STAIRWAY, AND
IT CERTAINLY WAS LOVE
AT FIRST FLIGHT.





head and laughed. "Fifty thousand bucks waiting for me in my own coffin. If you're lying to me, Belle, you'll regret it."

"Why should I lie to the dead, Andre? If you'd only admit you're dead, you and that girl, we could be friends. We could have nice long talks like I do with Louis."

"You're crazy," Andre muttered.

"You'll have to hurry if you want the money, Andre," Belle LaGasse said. "The water's rising in the bayou and there's already an inch in the lower vault. It's supposed to be waterproof, but it isn't any more."

A few minutes later Andre and Denise walked out of the rotting old house. Andre had a hatchet from the house and a flashlight from his car. Thunder grumbled again, closer, echoing the muted clang of the bronze door as it closed behind them. Outside, the night grew pitch dark now, with the first rain beginning to fall. Inside the marble burial vault it was quiet and hushed, dark and cool, the air filled with the pungent odor of mortal decay.

Andre's flashlight cut away the darkness and revealed tiers of stone shelves, some empty, most filled with coffins of cypress wood.

"Here's where the wives and children of the LaGasses sleep," he said, his voice ghostly and hollow in the confined space. "Downstairs is where the owners lie. There's a trick opening, a hinged stone slab. Hold the light while I lift it."

He knelt in one corner, groped along the wall. Then there was a slight click. He pressed with his foot and with a protesting screech a flat marble slab tilted upward. Beneath it, darkness gaped. Andre caught the rising edge, pulled it up-

right, and with another click the slab locked open.

"Okay," he said, taking back the light and shining it down a flight of narrow stone steps, dripping with moisture. "Come on, baby. Safety deposit boxes in the basement."

"Andre," Denise begged, "let me stay here while you get it. It's . . . it's cold down there and I . . . I don't like it."

"A little cold won't hurt you. I'll need you to hold the light. Come on now!"

He cautiously eased himself down the narrow steps. Her hands clenched so tight the nails bit into her palms, Denise followed, shivering. The steps descended into a second vault that was a replica of the first, except that there were only a half dozen stone niches and all were filled with cypress coffins. Two inches of water sloshed and gurgled at the bottom of the vault, eddying blackly like oil.

Denise got as far as the bottom step and stopped. "I'll wait here on the steps, Andre," she pleaded. "I can shine the light from here."

"All right," he grumbled. "Shine it over here. That's it. Now let's see, here's great-grandfather at the top. Here's Louis. And here's the coffin they so considerately saved for me. It even has my name on it. Andre LaGasse, born 1929, died, . . ."

He swore viciously then, and the girl jumped.

"Andre, what is it?"

"More of Belle's tricks! This name plate. It says *Andre LaGasse, born 1929, died 1969!* She scratched the last date in with a nail or something this evening! I'll break her goddamn neck!"

"Never mind, Andre, it's not important," Denise pleaded. "Let's get the money and get out. Please, Andre, please. Hurry."

"All right, all right. I'll pull the coffin out where I can get at it . . . there!"

The wooden box slid out easily and splashed as he lowered it into the water that eddied around his ankles now. Andoe, his lips working, unscrewed the turnbuckles that held the lid down and wrenched the lid loose. It splashed unnoticed in the water. Both of them were staring greedily into the box's interior, where the light showed bundle after bundle of currency, neatly stacked. Denise let out a shuddery breath and Andre snatched up one bundle, riffled the ends of the bills, estimating.

"Twenties," he said. "And a hundred in each bundle. That's two thousand. And there's twenty-five bundles here . . . fifty thousand! Aunt Belle wasn't lying. But now we need something to carry them in."

He took off his coat, buttoned it and tied the sleeves together.

"All right," he said, holding the coat up side down like an open sack. "Come here and toss the money in. Never mind your wet feet, come on!"

Shuddering, Denise stepped into the black water. She had taken only the first step when above them something clicked loudly. Then with a shrill screech of stone, the marble slab above them slammed down solidly into place.

Denise screamed. From above them came an echoing sound of laughter that filtered faintly through thick marble.

"Aunt Belle!" Andre exclaimed. "She's closed the entrance slab!"

He sloshed through the water, ran up the steps, and put his hands against the underside of the marble slab that now barred the entrance. The cords stood out in his neck and

the blood congested in his face as he shoved, but the slab did not move.

"Aunt Belle!" he yelled, twisting. "Aunt Belle!"

Again they heard the sound of laughter, becoming fainter and fainter until it was gone. "Aunt Belle!" Andre shouted again, but only the mocking gurgle of water seeping into the vault answered.

"Andre!" Denise's voice was a choked whisper. "She's locked us down here!" Her voice rose shrilly, became a scream. "She's locked us down here! We're never going to get out . . . never . . . never!"

She stopped with a gasp. With one leap Andre had reached her and slapped her viciously, twice. Numbly the girl raised her fingers to her cheek and stared at him.

"Shut up!" he said fiercely. "Screaming won't help. Now hold the light for me."

Making little choked sounds of hysterical anger, he splashed across to the dented shelves and pulled out the cypress box that said *Pierre LaGasse 1875—1961*. The turnbuckles that held the lid down were corroded. He wrenched at them until they opened, not noticing the blood from his torn fingers. At last the lid came off, and the bones of Pierre LaGasse, still clad in sober black broadcloth, gleamed in the flashlight's beam. A skull, with a few wisps of white hair still stuck to it, grinned at them mercilessly. And beside the skull, screwed to the wood of the box only a few inches from the fleshless lips, was the black mouthpiece of a telephone.

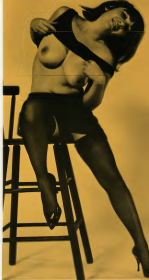
"See?" said Andre LaGasse, screaming in triumph. "I told you, baby. I told you! The crazy La-Gasses! Father hated me, but now he's going to save us!"

(continued on page 64)



Playing It Cool On A Stool

Vera is a gal who likes to reflect a lot on her looks—and little wonder. She's a model, much in demand for toothpaste commercials on TV.



Sex Stories of Old

By Burt Fields

One of life's most tense and dramatic moments is experienced during that grand old game of cuckoldry . . . the scene where the wife and her lover are caught in the

act by the enraged husband, who has returned unexpectedly.

We present several dramatic incidences in this game which history, up until now, has failed to record.



SCENE:

Takes place in a gold prospector's cabin in 1849 in the northern woods of California.

A young pioneer wife and her lover (a tin-horn gambler) suddenly hear footsteps approaching the cabin.

"Quick! You'll have to leave. That's my husband. He'll kill you!" the woman cries in panic.

The gambler leaps into his clothes and runs out to meet the husband, crying: "I've been waiting to tell you the good news, sir!"

"What good news?" the prospector asks suspiciously, reaching for his revolver.

"Gold!" the gambler shouts. "They've discovered gold in Sutter's Creek. Hurry before it's too late."

"Thanks for telling me, son," the

prospector yells back as he races for the cabin to get his mining equipment. "I'll stake out a claim for you as a reward for telling me. Who are you?"

"It doesn't matter, sir. Just part of my duty of passing the word along. I'm a pony express rider."

Ten minutes later, as the prospector rushes out of the cabin loaded with prospector tools and utensils, he stops and rubs his chin in a confused manner.

"You know something, Nellie?" he yells back at his young wife, standing in the cabin door. "That varmit must have been kidding. He warn't no pony expressman rider. He just ran off down the road on my ass!"



SCENE:

The year is 1621 in a New England pilgrim log cabin. Priscilla Pashover and her lover of the hour (a door-to-door flax salesman) are charmingly engaged in hanky-panky in the log-cabin feather bed as Captain Miles Smendish, armed with a musket, enters his cabin fresh from a turkey shoot.

The two lovers manage to jump out of bed before the Captain enters the bedroom.

"Who is this man?" the Captain roars, poking the musket at the frightened lover.

"Don't shoot, sir," the man shouts. "I've heard that you are a good turkey shooter. I'm the owner of a roadside tavern in the next

village. I've come to trade flax for a good supply of turkeys."

Captain Smendish is a man who can't turn down a good business proposition. He trades two freshly shot turkeys for a case of flax.

As the salesman leaves, post haste, like a rabbit through the woods, the Captain hangs his musket up on the wall and roars with laughter.

"What's so funny, dear?" Priscilla asks demurely.

"I didn't want to laugh in that tavern keeper's face, but the minute I saw him I knew he was crazy. How many men, who are out on business, do you see running around in nightgowns?"



SCENE:

In 1824 a half-breed Canadian fur trapper by the name of Pierre Wolfman stops for an afternoon's tepee dalliance with a comely young Indian maiden.

Returning prematurely from a war party *pow wow*, her father, Chief Loud Talk, walks into the tepee and raises a tomahawk at what he beholds.

"Stranger make-me Chief Loud Talk very angry. Me remove scalp!"

Before he can execute his threat, Pierre, the fur trader, whips off his toupes and hands it to Chief Loud Talk.

"Hold it, Chief!" Pierre shouts. "Magic removable scalp is yours!"

"You medicine man!" Chief Loud

Talk exclaims in amazement. "Make black magic. Show me another trick. Me let you go free!"

Pierre is hard put to think of something that will top his first trick, but he is desperate. Finally, he remembers the new store teeth a dentist in Montreal has fitted him with.

In a second he clamps the store teeth on the end of the Chief's tomahawk. The chief pales at the sight of the gleaming teeth, and drops the tomahawk as though it were a snake.

Lover and fur trapper, Pierre, sees his opportunity and runs from the tent, and away from the Indian village, escaping, as you might put it, by the hair of his teeth.

(continued on page 40)

SIRENS' SHOE-IN





It has always been Amy's opinion that men are not qualified to serve women as shoe clerks. "The best they can do," says Opel, who shares her view, "is to tell you what they think a man would like to see on a woman's feet."



"Well, that's fine, Amy adds, "except that most women dress for themselves and not for men, contrary to what men think."





* The * LIMB SCENE

BY STEVE GRAINGER

SOCK IT TO ME, SARGE!

Lady cops have come a long way since they were confined to wearing pants, riding motor-bikes and writing parking tickets. At least, they have in sunny Southern California, which is one of the more go-ahead areas of the nation.

The new Los Angeles policewoman's uniform is an arresting sight indeed: a chic lightweight ensemble, consisting of a tailored jacket and short, barely-above-the-knee length skirt, worn with sheer dress socks, black pumps and white gloves. It's fashioned along the lines of an air stewardess' uniform, and looks every bit as groovy, if slightly more conservative.

If we had to get arrested, we couldn't think of a nicer way to have it done than by one of those fetchingly-attired law enforcement ladies; in fact, right now we're going to cast our vote for the L.A. policewoman as "The Cop We'd Most Like To Get Pinched By."

Do you suppose they'll eventually come to be known as "the long leg of the law?"

LEGS-POSTURE

One of the major hazards of short skirts has always been the tricky maneuver of sitting down and crossing one's legs without revealing well-nigh limitless expanses of upper



With Claudia Cardinale's legs, who cares if she crosses them properly?

leg—and sometimes the lingerie as well.

Cosmopolitan magazine recently offered its women readers the following tips on how to sit and arrange the legs in these days of shorter-than-ever hemlines . . .

"Never sit head-on to someone; your thighs spread out and you look

hippy . . . besides, he can look right up your skirt and see all the bulges!" The way to avoid this, Cosmo advised, is to twist the legs sideways, at a 45 degree angle to the body and cross the ankles.

On crossing the legs: "Crossing isn't a good idea . . . it makes flabby thighs . . . but it's so instinctively feminine you'll drive yourself crazy trying to stop!" The best way to cross legs, according to Cosmo, is "as near the knee as possible." The accompanying photograph shows a model doing this, with her legs stretched out at a 45 degree angle to the floor and about three feet in front of her chair.

We don't agree with this. The natural way for a woman to cross her legs is with one leg perpendicular to the floor and the other leg folded over it, thigh resting upon thigh. Besides, the Cosmopolitan method is a luxury few girls can afford in the confined quarters of crowded buses, restaurants and offices. Someone would be sure to trip over their feet every five minutes or so.

Of course, the Cosmopolitan-recommended "near the knee" position is a lot less revealing than the way most women cross their legs. Which is probably why leg watchers favor the confined quarters of buses, restaurants and offices for the pursuit of their pleasure-packed pastime!

OFF WITH THEIR PANTS!

Count Marco, San Francisco Chronicle's unfiring champion of male rights, lashed out recently at pantsuits—those latest and baggiest versions of trouser for women. They looked like pajamas, he said—which to him meant the wearer was either advertising that she was

ready for bed, or just getting out of one.

The models who pose in pantsuits, the Count went on, are bustless, waistless and hipless. They can get away with wearing them because they look like men. But any woman who needs a bra of any size, or a girdle, or high heels, cannot and should not wear them. "You'd look like a transvestite. Horrors!"

Most of the men we've talked to dislike pants of any kind on girls—given the option of seeing them in skirts. But if a woman *must* wear pants, they agree, it is better for her to wear capris or tight stretch pants than the more formal, masculinized pantuits now being seen in and around town.

There would appear to be little, if anything, to commend pantuits to lovers of beautiful limbs . . . and the girl with good-looking legs who hides them under a bushel of loose, floppy material is probably cheating herself out of a potential date and/or mate. (continued on page 81)



Faye Dunaway demonstrates the allure of stretch pants when adequately filled.

SPORTING GALS ON THE GREEN





This devastating duo consists of a couple of croquet coquettes who are pretty hard to beat. Linda and Sandy are considered champions of the lawn game.





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HAUNTED LOVE AFFAIR (continued from page 51)

He snatched up the receiver and tapped the hook up and down very fast.

"A telephone in his own coffin!" he gasped. "Only a LaGasse would drink of that. We'll call to town, Bayou Legaspi, ten miles away. Contact the sheriff. I'll tell him to come and let us out. He'll understand. Everyone in these parts knows that Aunt Belle is crazy as a loon."

In the crumbling mansion fifty yards away, Belle LaGasse gently hung up the receiver into which she had been speaking.

"That was Andre, Granny Teal," she said. "He's not used to being dead and buried yet. He wanted someone to let him out and he thought I was the operator in town. I couldn't be cruel and tell him he and his girl were dead and couldn't come out. So I let him think someone's coming. That'll make it easier for both of them. Tomorrow or the next day they'll be much quieter, and I can go down and have a nice long chat with them. I want to explain to Andre that it's no trick for a man and woman to tumble on a couch together. It's the risking all for it that makes it such exciting fun. Danger heightens sexual awareness. Andre didn't know that tonight, but I knew it.

"Now, why don't we sing a hymn, Granny Teal? I think the occasion calls for one, don't you? Let's sing together. *Abide With Me.*"

She took up her knitting again, and as thunder rumbled and rolled over the swamp outside, softly, tunelessly, Belle LaGasse began to sing, as the other hummed, *Abide with me, just falls the evening tide. The darkness deepens, Lord abide with me. . . .*

Daniel D. Teal Jr.
 Archived Collection

"I'm not blaming you for marrying, Laurie. I'm only sorry I didn't write after . . . after . . ."

She reached out to touch the stump of his arm, interrupting him. "Oh, Johnny, Jake told me. I'm so sorry. So very sorry."

"Don't be, there were men who came home far worse off than I . . . and men who didn't come home at all. I'll never bust braces again. But there's little else I can't do. Say, what does your man think? You coming here this time of the night and all?"

"He doesn't know," Laurie answered. Then, brushing John's arm aside, she moved in and pressed her body against his. "Tell me you love me, Johnny. Please. I've something to say. But I want to hear you say you love me first."

"I've always loved you, Laurie, but I don't see . . ."

Laurie interrupted him again. "And I love you, Johnny. I've loved you since I was thirteen years old. I'll never stop feeling this way about you. Never!" She paused, then, hugging herself even tighter against him. "I'm leaving Ed, Johnny," she said a moment later. "I'm going to tell him soon as I get back. He's a proud man, and a hard one when he has to be. But he'll understand. I told him how I felt about you . . . even when he asked me to marry him."

John pushed her back to arm's length again. "Whoa, there, Laurie, what's all this about? You're married . . . you took vows!"

Laurie moved in close against him once more. "Any vows I took mean nothing, Johnny. Not now. Not while I'm here with you."

John felt her fingers grip the back of his sun-weathered neck as she hungrily pulled his mouth down

(continued on page 78)

Jaybird publications pioneered the candid photographic illustration of casual social reality in city and rural settings all over the world. They remain the definitive magazines for those who want to know what "naked as a Jaybird" really means.

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We have even inserted one kitten for the benefit of that select group of admirers who always get goosebumps observing a gal wearing her tennies. Girls who wear tennies are usually outdoor gals, and this chick is no exception, as one can see.



SHORT RUNS

FLY HIGH

At the sermon about kingdom come, one shy, little doll said, "How am I going to get my bra on over my wings?" and the preacher said, "You just worry about how you're going to get your panties on over your tail!"

LONE STAR

At a Texas College guess what they all look at instead of Playboy magazine . . . the underwear section of the Sears-Roebuck catalog!

FASHION THIS

The latest thing in men's clothes . . . WOMEN.

CLIP IT

No, little Sally, women don't have hair on their chests, because how could grass grow on a playground?

PAWING

"My wife treats me like a dog . . . every time I go to bed with her, she rolls over and plays dead."

BALD OUT

A pretty blonde came in the bar, sat down, ordered a drink, then screamed, jumped up and ran out the door. Then a pretty brunette came in, sat down, ordered a drink,

then jumped up, screamed, and ran out the door without drinking or paying. The bartender came around the bar to see what was up, and found a short, bald-headed man down on his knees between the stools. "What the hell are you doing down there?" asked the bartender. The little man said, "I am looking for my toupee . . . I had it twice, but it got away . . ."

HOT DOG

Confucius say! Woman who sleeps with butcher get the sausage.

HAPPY HABIT

There was a lovely gal who had a bad twitch in her neck . . . so bad she took it to the doctor. With routine questioning the doctor learned that her steady lover was a big husky fellow who boasted of a tallywhacker nearly 10 inches long when hoisted, and that she made use of this splendid facility several times weekly. "You'll just have to find yourself a smaller fellow if you want to cure yourself of this twitching," advised the doctor. "If it's all the same to you," she replied, "I believe I'd rather just twitch than switch!"

HARMONY

And did you hear about the four college choir girls who were sleeping together? Two of them were playing hymns . . .

DOT IT AGAIN

A colon (:) is fashion love or two periods going steady.

NICE VICE

If women had
Their way with men,
This world would see
A lot more sin!

NO GAME

Girls who play Solitaire should be ashamed of themselves . . .

WEATHER OR NOT

He went to the house of ill repute and said, "What can I get for three dollars?"

The girl explained that he could get the "Hurricane Special."

So she took him in, made him undress and lay down on the bed. Then she threw a bucket of water all over him and turned on the electric fan.

He got up, started dressing to leave and said, "Who the hell can make love in weather like this?"

SUGAR BOWL

A girl can be very sweet when she wants . . . and the more she wants it, the sweeter she can be!

QUESTION NOT

Two Indians were fishing on the Oregon coast. One caught a beau-

tiful mermaid in his net. He looked her over, patted her all over softly and gently, then threw her back in the water.

The other Indian looked over and said, "Why?"

The mermaid catcher grunted, "How?"

PEOPLE WHO COUNT

The new girl reporter was assigned to cover a swank party at which a number of foreign dignitaries were to be present. Her editor gave her instructions to make careful note of the celebrities.

"I want you to go to Lady Bransley's party, pay attention to the guests as they arrive and make a count," said the editor.

Next morning as soon as she arrived, the editor called her into his office.

"Well," he asked, "did you make a count?"

"I sure did," she replied with a tired smile. "He was from Austria."



"So that's what all the shouting is about."

DOLLS IN THE BOONDOCKS



Because of their fondness for the boondocks, most people, who know them, think Carol and Teresa have just a bit of the hick in their makeup. This, because they spend much time in the country.



"They are probably right," Carol declares. "We're just as happy that it shows." Their fondness for the wild, open spaces has come about through their rebellion against the ultra-sophistication of the average big-city gal. "Frankly, we'd rather be considered rustics than snobs," they vow.





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ALL A WOMAN CAN GIVE
(continued from page 65)

against hers. For a moment, he kept his lips closed tight against her anxious tongue. But just for a moment. Then . . . as his love and want for her overcame all other thoughts . . . he opened his mouth and let her tongue dart inside.

A small cry escaped her lips as she felt him give himself to her. They kissed again, his mouth smothering hers as his hand encircled the small of her back to draw her flat belly against his instantly swollen manhood. "Johnny . . . Johnny . . ." she murmured, her tongue flicking in and out of his ear, "let's go inside."

"Can't," he answered, staring at the swell of her large breasts as her blouse fell open. "There's a man and his wife in the other bedroom. C'mon . . . I know where."

Doefully, she let him lead her across the yard and into the barn several hundred feet away. They went right to the hayloft, as eagerly as they had during their childhood so long ago. Tumbling onto the hay, they laughed and kissed and frolicked as if they were indeed children again. She told him, her face flushed with the heat of his manliness. Then, tilting her head, she opened her mouth to his kiss and let his tongue dart into hers and search its dark hollows.

Quickly, she unbuttoned her blouse. John swallowed hard as he watched her reach behind her back to unfasten her brassiere. Her soft globes of flesh were barely visible in the tiny rays of moonlight that made their way through cracks in the barn walls. John kissed the swollen nipples and opened his mouth over one breast to run his tongue over its rigid tip.

He fumbled with his clothes, silently cursing his clumsiness due to the use of but one hand. He watched Laurie strip herself of her riding pants and panties. Her boots had long since been discarded. Now she was naked to his hungry gaze. "Let me help, Johnny," she said, reaching forward to unbutton his Levi's.

For a second, he was self-conscious of his handicap. "I'm no cripple," he said.

"I used to help before," she said quietly, reminding him of their passionate youth. "You didn't mind then."

Realizing her move had nothing to do with his stump of an arm, John got to his knees and let her take his pants and underwear off. Naked, they fell back against the soft hay. "I love you, Johnny," she said, her hands running over his hard, flat body.

She shuddered as she reached down to take his manhood in her grasp. Then, wet with eager anticipation, she positioned herself in a squatting position over him and slowly lowered her downy femininity. John arched his back as he felt his maleness come in hot contact with her. He looked at her beautiful face as she grasped his hardness and guided it between her soft lips of love.

She groined as the length of him entered her. And, when they were competely joined, she let him roll her over so that she was beneath him. His hand pressed against her soft hip to bring her lithe frame closer to him. She lay back, her thighs brushing the sides of his buttocks as he drove himself into her again and again. A surge inward and her thighs opened wider. Their eyes met and locked. Her torso be-

(continued on page 98)

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SCENE:

In the year of 1508, Pounce De Leon explores some islands near Puerto Rico in search for the perpetual Fountain of Youth. He searches in vain until a town merchant tries to put him straight.

"You're wasting your time, Sir Pounce De Leon," the merchant says. "There is no such thing as the Fountain of Youth," the merchant continues, nudging the explorer.

"But there are some lively young wives living in the nearby suburbs who will make you feel young in a hurry. There is a suburb called La Searladadda where the prettiest wives may be found. Each evening they wait anxiously for the stage-coach from town," the merchant confides.

"In cases where the husband does not arrive on the evening stage-coach, there is much discontentment and anger over the mischief their husbands might be up to away from home.

"It is well known that under such circumstances, jealous wives will seek revenge by allowing themselves to become involved in affairs with total strangers," the merchant winks at Pounce De Leon as they part company. "Remember now . . . the name of the town is La Searladadda."

Pounce De Leon takes the evening stage coach and as luck will have it, there are no disappointed wives left waiting at the station.

Riding the coach to the next suburb, Pounce De Leon is pleasantly surprised. Alighting from the stagecoach, he is greeted by a buxom, sexy, young, red-headed wife of great beauty, parked in her private carriage. She waves her handkerchief at him in an inviting manner.

"Sir, my husband has obviously abandoned me for the evening. Come into my carriage and I will take you to my house and show you hospitality you'll long remember."

"It will be my pleasure," Pounce De Leon says graciously, as he accepts the invitation.

After rounds of champagne, and bouts of romantic lovertaking that evening, Pounce De Leon realizes that he has indeed found a substitute for the Fountain of Youth. Never has he felt younger or happier.

But at the stroke of midnight, the woman's husband, returning from town on a later stagecoach, strides into his home boudoir and finds his wife and De Leon in romantic embrace.

The two men recognize each other instantly. The husband is the merchant from whom Pounce De Leon had gathered advice in town.

Waving a broadsword menacingly over the pair of lovers, the merchant roars angrily at Pounce De Leon.

"Look stupid . . . I told you to get off at La Searladadda!"

NO HEEL LIKE A BIG HEEL

In a questionnaire recently asked by a New York newspaper: "Do You Prefer High or Low Heels on Girls?"—six out of seven questionnaires promptly answered "High." Both men and women agreed that high heels are far more flattering to any girl's legs, even short, fat girls. Typical answers were: "They accent the calves." When you point your toe and arch your foot (in high heels), the whole leg is more shapely." "High heels are sexier."

However, most of those questioned also admitted that high heels were not fashionable, and that short, chunky heels were the thing to go with today's styles. "They don't look as good," was the general consensus, "but they're the fashion."

Which can be interpreted to mean that the clearly-stated preferences of the majority of folks are being ridden rough-shod over by a cynical minority of dollar-hungry designers. Sounds suspiciously like a case of conspiracy on the part of a few low-down heels, wouldn't you say?

Will high heels ever make a comeback? We predict they will; in the meantime, those women with any individuality or savvy at all might well follow the advice of one of the female questioners: "Maybe high heels aren't smart, but maybe girls who wear them are smarter."

Daniel D. Taft Jr.
Archival Collection

WHO'S THE LEG QUEEN?

Ever since Betty Grable enriched the cause of leg art by baring her stately gams to the hipbone for all the world to see, the argument has waxed fast and furious as to who has the most beautiful legs in filmdom.

Today the list of Loveliest Legs is just as long as ever, and would probably have to include those belonging to Raquel Welch, Angie Dickinson, Susanoh York, Stella Stevens and Jane Fonda.

However, the gal we'd back for top leg honors isn't any of these, but a lovely lady who is also the screen's leading comedienne and one of the best actresses—zany, thrice-talented Shirley Maclaine, star of *Sweet Charity*. Aside from her singing, dancing and acting, she possesses a pair of legs that Dean Martin once described as going "all the way to her shoulders"—and you can't get a much better testimonial than that!

POP



Not since Betty Grable's heyday has a gal matched her gams, until Shirley Maclaine added onto the film scene.



BABES IN ACT TWO

DETERMINED TO MAKE THEIR
NAME IN THE THEATER, ROBIN
AND WENDY ARE FOREVER
REHEARSING BITS AND PARTS
FROM CURRENT BROADWAY SHOWS.





LEG LINES LEG

INHALE, EXHALE

I deal in perfumes, and I can testify that men are just as hard to please as women when it comes to choosing a scent for them to wear. Art Marvin, in his "Sex For Pleasure" feature, pointed out the fact that men are the victims of saturation advertising, aimed at making them smell "virile."

It would be unwise to mention any brand names, but I would say that out of the hundred or so odors for men on the market today, only three are worth taking another whiff of. None of them have anything to do with virility.

I think it was in *The Carpetbaggers*, that the hero won the girl because he smelled like a long, dry's work. That's the kind of scent that will knock any girl off her feet.

K.S./Malibu, Calif.

QUOTE FOR QUOTE

Very casually, Heels and Hosiery writer Art Marvin tossed off the quote, "The business of America is business," in his article "Sex For Pleasure," and attributed it to "J. P. Morgan or somebody." As anyone with even an iota of historical meow knows, the man who uttered that famous quote was none other than "Silent" Calvin Coolidge, the 30th president of the United States.

Coolidge, an otherwise lackluster individual, who became president through the untimely, but not be-moaned death of Warren Harding, also handed down that famous line, "I do not choose to run," when rejecting a bid for the 1928 Republican nomination. I was thinking that

perhaps your fine little magazine could use that quote for some good purpose.

J.T./Fall River, Mass.

SEWING LESSON

I've been going to bump-and-grind shows for years, and I thought that I knew a great deal about 'em. I was always under the impression that strippers wore cheap, junky costumes. I thought it was not what they took off, but how they took it off that mattered.

I sure learned a thing or two when I read Art Marvin's story, "Sex For Pleasure," and discovered that the scanty attire, worn strategically by the stripper, costs hundreds of dollars. I was also amazed at the way the costumes are intricately designed to come apart.

I shall pay closer attention to the costumes from now on. However, I may find it difficult to stop watching the gals.

B.L./Austin, Texas.

SHOES BOOT MAN OUT

I noted in Steve Grainger's news section of the latest issue of Heels and Hosiery, that Jill St. John is a clothing buff, with a preference for slacks and shoes.

Grainger reported that lovely Jill had over \$2000 worth of slacks, and some 80 pairs of shoes. What he didn't report is that Jill no longer has her husband, popular singer Jack Jones. They separated recently for undisclosed reasons. Is it possible that Miss St. John's wardrobe became more important to her than her man?

A.D./New Haven, Conn.

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is nothing that tastes quite so good as a cottontail stew, seasoned with sage,"

Veronica declares.





gun to twist and buck beneath him. "Yes, Johnny," she groaned, her body moving up to meet him, harder, harder.

John felt the heat rising from her body. Their moment had come and each of them knew it! Laurie's legs looked around the small of his back. She writhed beneath him, her belly muscles tightening as she rose toward her crescendo. John pushed himself deep within her, then let the overwhelming sensation wash through him and flood her seething womanhood. "I love you, Johnny," he heard her whisper, her lips tight against his ear. "I've always loved you."

The total abandonment of their passion had made them both oblivious to all sights and sounds other than those each made at their moment of climax. Thus it was that as they lay naked and joined, neither one wanting to move from the other, the harsh voice of Ed Cavendish startled them. "Now isn't this something for me to put in the bank?" he said, staring down at them, the faint moonlight glistening on the shiny-barreled derringer he held in his hand.

Instantly, John rolled off of Laurie to spring to his feet. "Don't blame her," he said, wondering if Cavendish was going to fire the ugly looking weapon he was now aiming at John's belly. "I . . . uh . . . forced her . . ."

"He did nothing of the kind!" Laurie interrupted. She had already begun to grope for her clothing. "Ed, this is John Taylor. The man I told you about. Now, put away that gun, you . . ."

It was her husband's turn to interrupt. "Shut your mouth, you

cheap slut! I knew you said you cared for this . . . this peg-arm, but I sure didn't figure you to tumble into the hay with him the minute you saw him."

John could see the rage building within Cavendish's mind. He had seen too many men work themselves into a bloody frenzy not to know the same thing was now happening to the infuriated husband. "Come now, man, put away that gun," he started. "You've no call to be pointing it at either of us. I will agree we've wronged you. And for that, I am truly sorry."

"Not as sorry as you're going to be, Taylor!" Cavendish replied, hammering back the vest-pocket gun. "No man or woman can do to me what you two have done and live to brag about it."

"For pride you'd kill two people?" Laurie asked.

"For pride, I would kill everybody in Nacogdoches," her husband answered. "I heard about this man returning to town. I knew you'd come out here. That's why I told you I'd stay at the saloon till late tonight. I wanted to see if you were so shameless as to come here . . . like the whore you are . . . like the whore you've always been."

"Does it make me a whore because I love John?" Laurie asked. "You know I married you only because I thought he was dead. You've always known how much I loved him."

The haze of madness had begun to film his eyes. "I've lived in his shadow long enough," he answered, waving the derringer. "It's time I finished it!"

John saw him look at Laurie. Diving, he brushed Cavendish's arm upward as the jealous-maddened husband pulled the trigger. The

roar of the derringer reverberated throughout the barn as the two men grappled. John knew there was still another shot left in Cavendish's weapon. Tenaciously, he gripped his opponent's gun wrist as the man slammed his head and rib cage with punches. Even without the gun, Cavendish had a superior advantage.

Again, the roar of the derringer sounded as Cavendish accidentally squeezed the trigger a second time. Knowing the weapon was now useless, in that it only carried two shells in its chamber, he dropped it to the floor of the loft and began to flail away at John with both fists. "I'll beat you to death, you sonofabitch," he cursed, his punches slowly backing John toward the wall. "I don't need a gun for a cripple like you. I can take you with my bare hands."

John didn't answer. Words expended too much breath at a time like this. He tried to block the punches. But too many fell upon him. One of his eyes had swollen shut. His upper lip was cut and bleeding. Several of his ribs had been hit so hard it was becoming increasingly difficult to breathe without writhing in a spasm of pain. He heard Laurie screaming and crying . . . knew she would be of no help to him now.

"You're almost finished, Taylor," Cavendish said a moment later. "Once you fall to the floor, I'm going to stomp your head to a pulp."

John stumbled as he took still another backward step. He saw Cavendish smile and lunge for him. Desperately, he grabbed the man's coat lapels and fell backward. The

force of his fall pulled Cavendish down with him. John bent his leg so that his foot contacted Cavendish's belly as they fell. Hitting the wooden floor, he shot his leg straight up and back, hurling Cavendish back over his head. Cavendish let out a chilling scream as he landed!

Rolling to his side, John jumped back to his feet. But Cavendish didn't move. He just sat against the wall screaming in apparent agony. Blood suddenly bubbled from his mouth. His eyes popped. And then he shuddered before growing rigidly still.

"What the . . . ?" John said, bending over his enemy of just a few seconds ago.

Then he saw it: A hay hook! He had inadvertently thrown Cavendish so that he had landed directly on the twin-pronged implement. One of the sharp points had pierced his back!

Laurie saw what had happened and began to cry softly. "I . . . I didn't mean for it to end like this," she said, closing the gap between her and John to hug herself against him. "Honest, Johnny, as much as I love you, I didn't mean for it to end like this."

John looked down at the dead man. "Neither did I, Laurie," he said, patting her shoulder.

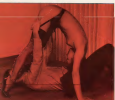
He heard footsteps running toward the barn. Saw the lights that had suddenly lit inside the house. "Would you quick help me with my clothes?" he asked, not wanting to be found naked when his sharecropper came running up into the loft.

"I'll help you for the rest of my life, darling," Laurie answered.

John sighed. He knew she meant every word. He was home. He was whole again!



Babette's Bali Ballet



Tired of the discipline imposed on temple dancers in Bali, Babetta left the troupe to come to the United States.





While she has been in this country, she has created a modern version of the temple dances, and has made a success of them.





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